Say *Clifford*, doſt thou know who ſpeakes to thee?
Darke cloudie death oreſhades his beames of life,
And he nor ſees nor heares vs what we ſay.
Rich. Oh would he did, and ſo perhaps he doth,
And tis his pollicie in the time of death,
He might auoyde ſuch bitter ſtormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father,
Geor. Richard, if thou thinkeſt ſo, vex him with eger words.
Rich. Clifford, aske mercie, and obtaine no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootleſſe penitence.
War. Clifford, deuiſe excuſes for thy fault.
George. Whilſt we deuiſe fell tortures for thy fault.
Rich. Thou pittiedſt *Yorke*, and I am ſonne to *Yorke*.
Edw. Thou pittiedſt *Rutland*, and I will pittie thee.
Geor. Where's captaine *Margaret* to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee *Clifford*; ſweare as thou waſt wont.
Rich. What not an oath? Nay then, I know hee's dead.
T is hard, when *Clifford* cannot foord his friend an oath.
By this, I know hee's dead; and by my ſoule,
Would this right hand buy but an houres life,
That I in all contempt might raile at him.
Ide cut it off, and with the iſſuing blood,
Stifle the villaine, whoſe inſtanched thirſt,
Yorke and young *Rutland* could not ſatisfie.
War. I, but he is dead; off with the traytors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers ſtandes.
And now to *London* with triumphant march,
There to be crowned *Englands* lawfull King:
From thence ſhall *Warwicke* croſſe the ſeas to *Fraunce*,
And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene;
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe Landes togither:
And hauing *Fraunce* thy friend, thou needſt not dread,
The ſcattered foe, that hopes to riſe againe.
And though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buſie, to offend thine eares.
Firſt Ile ſee the coronation done,
And afterward Ile croſſe the ſeas to *Fraunce*,
To effect this marriage, if it pleaſe my Lord?

Edw.

Edw. Euen as thou wilt, good *Warwicke* let it be:
But firſt before we go, *George* kneele downe,
Wee here create thee *Duke of Clarence*; and girt thee with the ſword.
Our younger brother *Richard*, *Duke of Gloceſter*.
Warwicke as my ſelfe ſhall do and vndo, as him pleaſeth beſt.
Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*; *George* of *Gloſter*:
For *Gloſters* Dukedome is too ominous.
War. Tuſh, thats a childiſh obſeruation.
Richard be Duke of *Gloſter*. Now to London,
To ſee theſe honors in poſſeſſion. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter two Keepers with bow and arrowes.

Keeper. Come, lets take our ſtandes vpon this hill,
And by and by the Deere will come this way:
But ſtay, here comes a man, lets liſten him awhile.

Enter King Henrie diſguiſde.

Hen. From *Scotland* am I ſtolne euen of pure loue,
And thus diſguiſde, to greet my natiue land.
No, *Henrie* no, It is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee *Cæſar* now,
No humble ſuters ſues to thee for right:
For how canſt thou helpe them, and not thy ſelfe?
Keeper. I marry ſir, here is a Deere, his skin is a Keepers fee.
Sirra ſtand cloſe; for as I thinke, this is the King,
King *Edward* hath depoſde.
Hen. My Queene & ſonne, poore ſoules, are gone to *France*,
And (as I heare) the great commaunding *Warwicke*,
To intreate a marriage with the Lady *Bona*:
If this be true, poore Queene and Sonne,
Your labour is but ſpent in vaine:
For *Lewis* is a Prince ſoone wonne with wordes,
And *Warwicke* is a ſubtill Orator:
He laughes and ſayes, his *Edward* is inſtalde.
She weepes, and ſayes, her *Henrie* is depoſde:
He on his right hand, asking a wife for *Edward*;
She on his left ſide, crauing ayde for *Henrie*.
Keeper. What art thou that talkes of Kings and Queenes?
Hen. More then I ſeeme; for leſſe I ſhould not be.